



A Pleasant New Ballad,

On Sir

JOHN BARLEY-CORN

The Tune is: *Shall I ly beyond thee.*

AS I went through the North Countre,
 I heard a merry meeting,
 A pleasant Toy and full of joy.
 Two Noble-men were greeting;
 And as they walked forth to sport,
 upon a Summers Day,
 They met another Noble-man,
 with whom they had a fray.

His Name was Sir John Barley-Corn,
 he dwelt down in a Dale,
 And had a Kinsman dwelt with him,
 they call'd him Tom Good Ale,
 Another named Sir Richard Beer,
 was ready at that time:
 And likewise came a buxie Deer,
 called Sir William White Wine.

Some of them fought in a black Jack,
 some of them in a Can,
 But yet the chiefest in a black Pot,
 fought like a Nobleman.
 Sir Barley-Corn fought in a bowl,
 who was the Victory,
 which made them all to curse and swear,
 that Barley-Corn must die.

Some said kill him, some said him drown
 some wold to hang him high.
 For those that followed Barley Corn,
 they said would Beggars die.
 Then with a Blow they Blow'd him up,
 and thus they did devile
 To bury him within the Earth,
 and swore he should not rise.

With Harrows strong they came to him
 and burst Clods on his head,
 A joyful Banquet then was made,
 when Barley-Corn was dead.
 He rested still upon the Earth,
 till rain from Sky did fall.
 Then he grew up in branches green,
 which soe amazed them all.

Increasing they till midsummer,
 he made them all afraid:
 For then he did spring up on high,
 and had a goodly beard.
 When rising at St. James's time,
 his countenance wax'd wan.
 Per now full grown in part of strength,
 and thus became a man.

Wherefore with hooks and sickles keen,
 unto the field they hy'd,
 They cut his Legs off by the knees,
 and Limb from Limb divide,
 Then bloodily they cut him down,
 from place where he did stand.
 And like a Thief for treacherie,
 they bound him in a band.

So then they took him up again,
 according to his kind,
 And plac'd him up in several Racks,
 to wither with the wind.
 Then with a Pitchfork sharp and lang,
 they rent him to the heart.
 And Traitor like for Treason vile,
 they bound him in a Cart.

And tending him with Weapons strong,
 unto the Town they hye,
 Whereas they mov'd him a mow,
 and so they let him lye.

They left him groaning by the walls,
 till all his bones were soze,
 And having took him up again,
 they cast him on the floor.

And hired two with bolting Clubs,
 and beat at him at once.
 Who thwackt so hard on Barley-Corn,
 the flesh fell from his bones.
 Then after took him up again,
 to please some womens minds,
 Pea, baked, sand'd, and sifted him,
 till he was almost blind.

Full fast they knit him in a Sack,
 which griev'd him very sore,
 And soundly slept him in a fat,
 for three days space and more.
 From whence again they took him out,
 and laid him forth to dry,
 Then cast him on the Chamber floor,
 and swore that he should dy.

They rub'd and stir'd him up and down
 and oft did toll and ture.
 The Wauler than likewise woo'd his death
 his body should be sure.
 They pul'd and hal'd him up in sight,
 and threw him on a Kill,
 Per, dy'd him o're a fire hott,
 the more to work their will.

Then to the Mill they forc'd him straight,
 whereas they husht'd his bones,
 The Miller swore to murder him,
 betwixt a pair of Stones.
 The last time that they took him up,
 they scrub'd him worse than that,
 For with hot scalding liquor soze,
 they wast him in a fat.

But not content with this well wot,
 they wrought him so much harm,
 With cruel threats they promise next
 to beat him into harm,
 And lying thus in danger deep,
 for fear that he should quarrel,
 They heav'd him straight out of the fat,
 and turn'd into the barrel.

They goar'd and broach'd it with a Tap,
 so this his death began.
 And drew out every drop of blood,
 while any drop would ran.
 Some brought in sacks upon their backs,
 some brought in bowls and pail,
 Pea, every man some weapon had,
 poor Barley-Corn to Kill.

When Sir John Good Ale heard of this,
 he came with meikle might,
 And took by strength their tongues away
 their Legs and eke their Sight.
 Sir John at last in this respect,
 so paid them all their hye,
 That some lay bleeding by the walls,
 some tumbling in the Pyre

Some lay groaning by the walls,
 some fell i'th street down right,
 The wisest of them scarcely knew,
 what he had done o're night.
 All you good wives that buye good Ale,
 God keep you from all teen.
 But if you put too much wa'er in,
 the Crows pick out your Ene.

F I R I S.